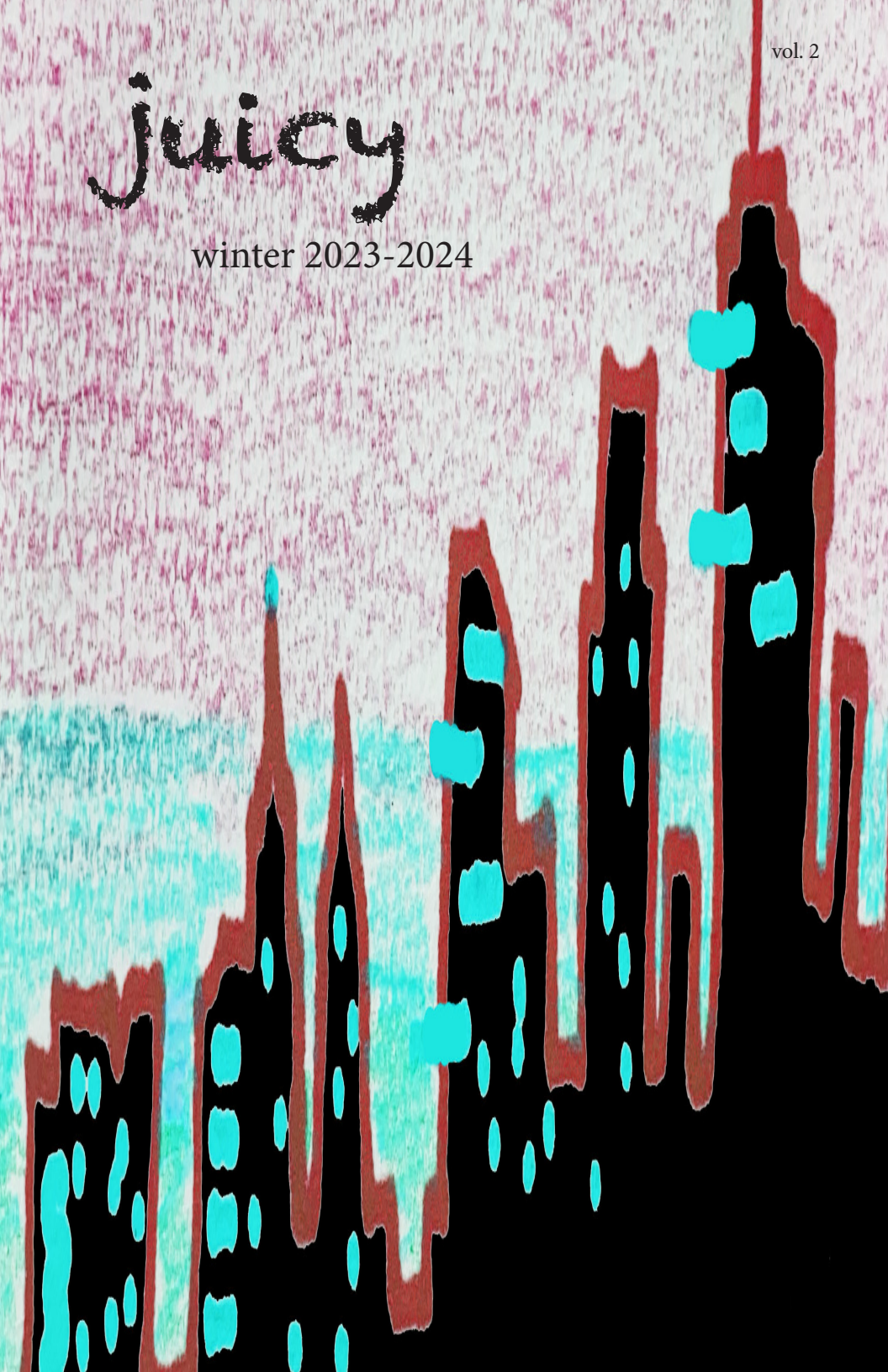
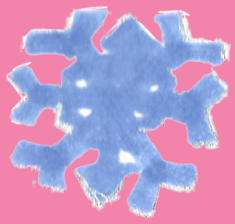
vol. 2

Juicy

winter 2023-2024





Winter can be the hardest time of year. It can also be the sweetest, if you're willing to embrace that side of it. Winter months bring warm, cozy foods. Potatoes. Pies. Pasta. Soup. They bring bright, sweet foods like citrus. They bring snow and cold wind, which brings nights spent in, cooking or ordering take out, resting, connecting with yourself and with loved ones. I tried to embody a little bit of all of that in this issue.

Juicy's Ins of 2024

- Horseradish
- Bedtime mocktails
- Good quality salt
- Kitchen tools
- Making jam
- Weekly salmon
- Dried meat snacks
- Pretty dishware for no reason
- Cabbage
- British foods
- Arizona Iced Tea

Juicy's Outs of 2024

- DoorDash
- Beef
- Hating mayonnaise
- Spending $100 on a meal
- Overcooked vegetables
- Cheerios

Jump to Recipe

Spicy Creamy Tomato Orzo

- half of one yellow or white onion, chopped
- 2-3 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 1 1/4 cup chicken broth (can make vegetarian by using vegetable broth alternatively)
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon red pepper flakes
- 1 cup orzo or pastina
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup kale, roughly chopped
- 1/2 cup jarred artichoke hearts
- as much mozzarella as your heart desires
- pecorino romano
- salt and pepper

Heat a swig of olive oil in a medium-sized pot over medium low heat. Add onions and cook about 5 minutes until just softened. Add garlic, letting it cook about 1 minute. Add the tomato paste, oregano, red pepper flakes, and a good amount of salt and pepper; stir until combined. Add 1 cup of chicken broth and stir again. Bring to a solid simmer over medium high heat. Then, add the orzo. You should let this get back up to a simmer uncovered for about 3 minutes before you add the rest of the chicken broth and tomato sauce. Then, cover and let simmer for about 8 minutes. You may want to stir here and there so the pasta doesn't stick to the pot.
Turn the heat down to low and stir in the heavy cream until the sauce is perfectly creamy. Add kale, artichoke hearts, and mozzarella cut into small cubes. (You can riff on this by removing or adding whatever extras you want. You can add more protein by adding sausage, etc.) Stir until kale is wilted and mozz is semi-melted. Give it another good dose of salt and pepper and grate the pecorino over the top. Serve on a day you want to feel all the warm cozies.

A Walk through the Neighborhood: Framing Food Apartheid

"Anyone know where there's a good grocery store in Bed Stuy? We just moved to Stuyvesant & Halsey. Also any sources for organic produce? The corner bodega just won't cut it…"
"stuyvesant deli on stuyvesant ave near decatur make good bacon egg cheese sandwiches for Two fity all day. welcom to the hood."
I'm walking through Bedford-Stuyvesant, from Broadway down DeKalb Avenue, into the heart of the neighborhood. The Brownstoner blog interaction I've just read, perhaps occurring around the inception of gentrification in the neighborhood, is from 2007, and though I know a lot has changed in the area in the last 15 years, I wonder if some people are living the same experience even now. I know that the residents around Broadway have access to many a shop, pharmacy, bar, or bodega. Along the busy street with the subway overhead, there are pockets of what one might call a "food swamp," where fast food options are much more abundant than grocery stores are. Scholars worry about these things. Residents worry about these things, although maybe like less so, especially after a long day of work when they just need something quick and easy to fill their stomachs.
I think about this as I'm walking down the avenue, simultaneously observing how the landscape around me changes. It gets quieter. There are less people, less cars, more homes: rows and rows of walk-ups and big housing projects adjacent. The first merchant of food I come across is Mr. Fried Chicken & Pizza. This honestly feels poetic in some way in the moment, because I'm approaching this walk around the neighborhood with intention. Bed-Stuy has long been considered a "food desert," or low-access area, where a significant number of urban-area residents are living at least a half-mile from the nearest supermarket. The USDA defines food deserts as "regions of the country often feature large proportions of households with low incomes, inadequate access to transportation, and a limited number of food retailers providing fresh produce and healthy groceries for affordable prices." Supermarkets, in this context, are generally meant to allow access to fresh foods and produce, which is lacking in many neighborhoods in New York City, and many towns throughout the country. Food apartheid, a term deemed to be much more accurate to this occurrence, has a long and intentional history. Detroit food activist Malik Yakini put it thoughtfully when he said that deserts are naturally occurring ecosystems, while food deserts are created with intentionality by public policy and economic practices, which is why the term "apartheid" might be better suited. Put most simply, grocery businesses and supermarket giants want to make profit, they want their location choices to be economically sound, they are discriminatory in one way or another. The community is left with a lack of access to fresh foods.
But, delis = food, right? Yes, they do-- as the anonymous blogger pointed out in 2007-- you can get some pre-prepared foods at the counter, or a bacon-egg-and-cheese. You can buy a decent amount of shelved/canned items towards the back, a bag of chips or candy, a beverage-- alcoholic or otherwise. I took note of some bodega produce, which wildly differed amongst them. One had a few heads of lettuce, some cucumbers, onions, and ripe bananas. Another had plantains, bags of potatoes, and cassava. A "gourmet" corner store had Red Delicious apples, lemons, avocado, and grapefruit. What felt jarring there was not just the gentrified interior and high prices, but the abundant, brimming produce display for the juices, in contrast with the short dingy tower of produce that was actually for sale.
It's not that people in the area are being directly starved. They are, however, put in a position that makes it more of a challenge to obtain fruits and vegetables that are vital to their diets. In a study on food deserts from 2012, the USDA states that, "In addition to having poor access, residents of impoverished or deprived areas frequently face higher prices for food and other necessities. Poor education and limited health care services in conjunction with high prices for fresh produce and other healthy food may result in poor diet and adverse health outcomes for residents of these areas."
For years and years, Bed-Stuy-- in addition to numerous neighborhoods around the city-- has faced this challenge of gaining better access to fresh groceries, drawing in supermarket chains, and thus rounding out a local economy with health-care access and community services. All of these things work in tandem with each other, after all.

Now, according to the USDA's Food Access Research Atlas, Bedford-Stuyvesant is no longer low-access when it comes to food. Low-income, certainly, but you will be able to find a supermarket every half-mile. This may be a result of a policy plan enacted in 2021, Food Forward NYC, which consists of five goals to address issues in the food system both on the people-front and the environment-front. Goal 1 reads, "All New Yorkers have multiple ways to access healthy, affordable, and culturally appropriate food." This is meant to aid low-access neighborhoods and households with the establishment of grocery stores and food distribution centers and programs. The Food Retail Expansion Program to Support Health (FRESH) incentivized 30 stores to open in low-access areas, bringing fresh food within walking distance of 1.2 million residents. On paper, and to a street walker, Bed-Stuy's grocery situation is much better than it was 10-- even two-- years ago.

I'll bring you back to my walk. There is a Food Bazaar 0.4 miles from my starting point. At Food Bazaar I can buy a Honeycrisp apple for $3.49/lb. I walk 0.6 miles in a different direction to get to Bravo Supermarket, where I can buy a Honeycrisp apple for $2.99/lb. Around the block, Ideal Foods has the same apple for the same price: $2.99/lb. Then, I walk 0.5 miles from there to Key Food, where a Honeycrisp apple is sold for $0.99/lb. Though there is a supermarket less than a half-mile from me, in reality I had to walk over a mile to get the most affordable option. Obviously, I am being picky about what kind of apple I want. But my point is that even though the supermarkets have been established, the low-income status of the neighborhood still stands, making the presence of these unaffordable stores alienating to the community. Melissa Metrick, an urban garden veteran and Food Studies professor at New York University, says, "They can put in a super fancy new supermarket and that just adds to gentrification. It needs to be affordable and culturally relative to the neighborhood." The issue at hand still stands. Rae Gomes, an activist in Bed-Stuy, also critiqued these programs offering incentives: "They're not measuring whether it's affordable to long-term residents." In case it needs driving home: Lincoln Market, one of the supermarkets incentivized to open multiple locations by the FRESH program, sells a Honeycrisp apple for $4.19/lb.

Mayor Eric Adams has been a considerable advocate of battling food apartheid. His efforts and comments are received well by activists, according to George Joseph of The City. However, they leave something to be desired, as it often goes with politicians and representatives of the community. Adams' work is geared towards this idealized version of health, encouraging New York residents to embrace veganism and the like, as he firmly stands by his own vegan diet in turning his life around. While the future he wants for the city might be nice to think of, the efforts he has made to push a nutritious lifestyle on the public feel like a jumping of the gun. What I mean is, he seemed to have skipped the battle part. The first step of encouraging people in low-income areas and busy households to eat nutritiously is to give them access to this food in the first place. It must start with accessibility.

Though Bed-Stuy is no longer technically a food desert, it is still a struggle for many to get their hands on fresh produce. There are also many neighborhoods in New York City and around the country that are still food deserts, and it is vital that we keep discussing and working towards better structures, as the people who can, and want to, eat well and choose nutrition-- and encourage future generations to do the same-- have to battle the government to get what they need.

It occurred to me, as I walked by mothers taking their children to the bodega for after-school snacks, and observed small swarms of people ordering sandwiches at the deli counters: there may be a question of, at the end of the busy day, people even having the time or feeling compelled to shop for fresh produce and cook it up at home. From my perspective, it doesn't really matter. If residents in a lower Manhattan neighborhood have access to their delis and a McDonald's and a farmer's market AND a Trader Joe's, then residents in Bed-Stuy, Bushwick, the Bronx (wherever!) should, too.

I'm

Will you be my vale

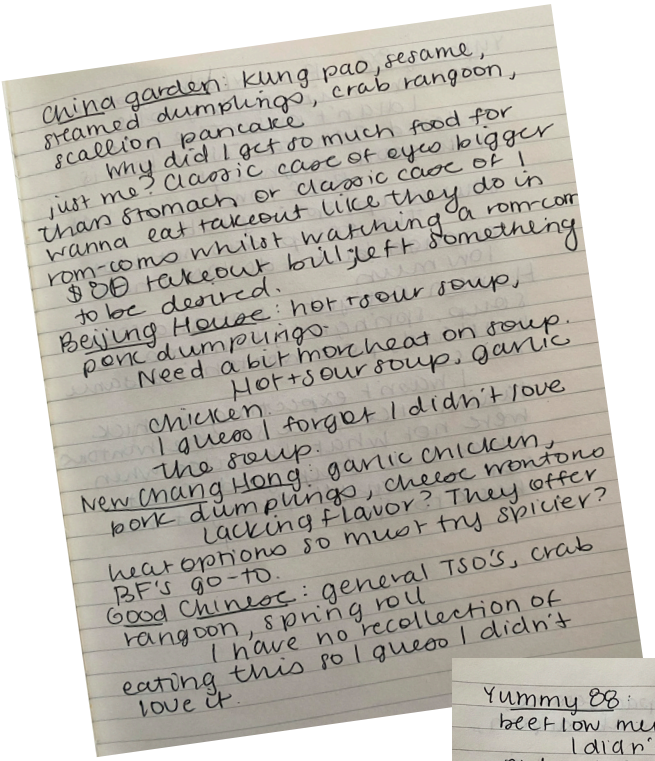
Just a Girl

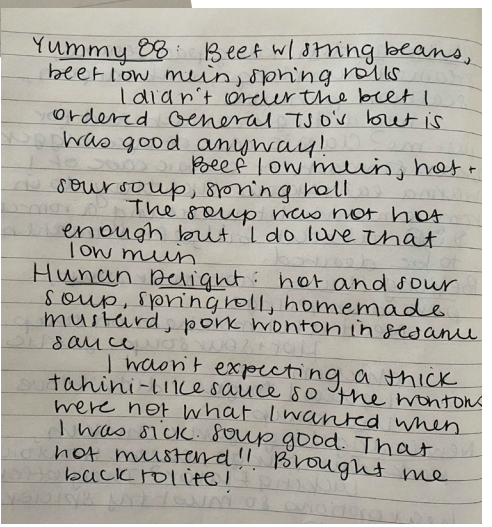
ntine?

Page 8 a journal entry?

I've been doing much personal research lately-- well, in the year-and-a-half I've lived here in New York-- to find my favorite Chinese takeout spot nearby. I'm sure Chinatown would have me covered in an instant, but I live in Bushwick, so when I'm craving a veg-out night where I can obtain my order of chow mein without really getting dressed, Chinatown is out of the question.

So I've been taking notes; see here:


China garden: kung pao, sesame, steamed dumplings, crab rangoon, scallion pancake
Why did I get so much food for just me? Classic case of eyes bigger than stomach or classic case of I wanna eat takeout like they do in rom-coms whilst watching a rom-com $$ takeout bill left something to be desired.
Beijing House: hot + sour soup, pork dumplings.
Need a bit more heat on soup. Hot + sour soup. Garlic chicken
I guess I forgot I didn't love the soup.
New Chang Hong: garlic chicken, pork dumplings, cheese wontons
Lacking flavor? They offer heat options so must try spicier?
BF's go-to.
Good Chinese: general TSO's, crab rangoon, spring roll
I have no recollection of eating this so I guess I didn't love it


Yummy 88: Beef w/ string beans, beef low mein, spring rolls
I didn't order the beef I ordered General TSO's but is was good anyway!
Beef low mein, hot + sour soup, spring roll
The soup was not hot enough but I do love that low mein
Hunan Delight: hot and sour soup, springroll, homemade mustard, pork wonton in sesame sauce
I wasn't expecting a thick tahini-like sauce so the wontons were not what I wanted when I was sick. Soup good. That hot mustard!! Brought me back to life!

I found out upon seeing my family for the holidays that my favorite Chinese-American restaurant, the spot I grew up on, which had but one rivaling spot in town (and which always won in my eyes), has changed their ownership and name. They no longer serve paper-wrapped chicken, the only dish I would eat there for the first several years of my life-- which by the way, I have not seen on a menu here in New York. Here I am at the approximate age of two, most likely eating paper-wrapped chicken:

It's probable that the rest of the menu is changed, too. Not too much, but enough to notice. This news made me more sad than I think it should, although if it were anyone else having these feelings I'd say, "Feel what you feel! Emotions are good!" And I guess it's not too rare for me to get emotional over food because it is kind of the heart and soul of life and family and joy. But I realized I have been searching for months for a place to give me the same feeling this restaurant from my childhood gave me-- the familiarity and the consistency, even in the vagueness of dishes called "beef extravaganza" and the like.

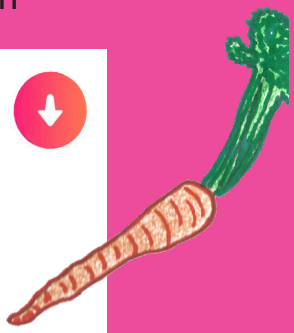
I tell people I don't have much cultural background when it comes to food; my family doesn't have many passed-down recipes that relate to our ancestry; we have traditions but all things we've adopted. (For example, hoagies for lunch on Christmas; we're not even close to Italian!) Yet, I still have such strong memory ties to certain foods that remind me of my family. And it's a really beautiful thing to feel that something you eat can immediately make you feel closer to the ones you love.

I know I probably won't find exactly what I'm looking for here in New York. The truth is that I will have to create new traditions, find a new spot that eventually I will feel nostalgic for, that will remind me of other loved ones. Thinking about it, it's nice to have so many things to feel nostalgic for.

What's in Season?

dating app edition

Carrot



Unemployed

Central Asia

California, Michigan, Texas

About me

6'1". Honestly just looking for a cutie who can rock a messy bun and glasses (always eat your carrots though ;))

Kale

HR

Eastern Mediterranean and Anatolia

California, Jersey, Georgia, Texas

About me

I'm Kale, yes that one. Beyonce wore my name on a sweatshirt. I can be kind of stand-offish at first but I promise once you get to know me I'm pretty cool.
Let's go get a couples' massage :p

Potato

Blue collar

Peruvian-Bolivian Andes

Idaho, mostly

About me

I work hard and live my truth. A lot of people are always trying to decide how they like me best. In the end, I just want to make them happy. I want to make you happy

Leek

Therapist
Middle East
Everywhere

About me

Wild and free. Open your mind to it! Looking for a potato to complete this lovely soup we call life

Orange

Actress
Southern China
Florida

About me

"You've got to take the bitter with the sour." Samuel Goldwyn
Yes I have my moments, yes I have pulp, but I'm sour and sweet and everything you like. Love: chocolate, chicken, champagne
Hate: Toothpaste

Lemon

Club PR
Assam
Mediterranean

About me

I am the life of the party... just being real
Life gives you lemons... you know what to do

Instagram

@juicythezine
@lilpeach_60